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THE FLAG -*

As it was nearly noon, it seemed best to camp in the clearing, where the stream would furnish clear, fresh water. Captain Gould and James lighted a wood fire at the foot of a mangrove. Then Fritz placed the best bits of the antelope over the glowing embers and left Susan and Dolly to superintend the cooking.

By a lucky chance Jenny had just found a quantity of roots such as can be roasted in the ashes. They were of a kind to satisfy hungry stomachs, and would agreeably complete the bill of fare for luncheon.

No flesh is more delicate than that of the antelope, which is both fragrant and tender, and everybody agreed that this was a real treat.

"How good it is!" John Block exclaimed, "to eat real meat which has walked in its lifetime, and not crawled clumsily over the ground!"

"We won't cry down turtles," Captain Gould replied; "not even to sing the praises of antelope."

"The captain is right," said Jenny. "Without those excellent creatures, which have fed us ever since we got to the island, what would have become

of us ?"

" Then here's luck to turtles ! " cried  
the boat-  
swain. " But give me another chop."

When this refreshing meal was  
^finished, the<sup>r</sup>  
,set out once more. They had no time  
to lose